

Nashville Union.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 11, 1862

ARMY OFFICERS' BLANK PAY ACCOUNTS,

For Sale at this Office.

Confiscation day is coming, Secessionists!

Rebels, remember the twenty-fifth day of September. Dream not that leniency will avail you after that time.

We wonder whether Uncle Sam's greenbacks are at "seventy-five per cent discount to day in Clarksville.

Forrest has conceived such an aversion to a *Fugee* recently that he won't suffer one to be blown near his camp.

Are there any rebels in Clarksville who have taken the oath and perjured themselves, who would like to buy up some more corn and hay belonging to the Federal government?

Poets sing a great deal about the melody of the green "wind-lay," of the woods, but their music is not half so sweet as that of a *Fugee* sweeping through a forest.

The telegraph wires, the Cumberland river, a good many of the Railroad bridges, and the hopes of the Nashville rebels are like a gosling's feathers—all down.

Both branches of the City Council met this evening at three o'clock. Let every member be present, as business of the utmost importance will come up.

NOTICE.
TEALY & SWAN are still prepared to send passengers to Franklin, Ky., every day. Call at their Stables on College street No. 5.

Sept. 11-12

Those who are the quiet authors of war should not complain of the horrors of war when they begin to feel its hardships in person.

We learn that a party of rebel cavalry went to the Lunatic Asylum a few days ago and enquired for Dr. CHEATAH, the late superintendent. On being informed that he was not there they rode away.

We learn that J. C. BIRCH, formerly one of the editors of the *Union and American*, in this place, is a member of FORREST's gang. It must be a poor sort of a forest which has nobetter timber than birch.

Arrested.

We learn that Mr. KENDRICK, Secretary of the Gas Company, was arrested night before last for holding a correspondence with FORREST. We learn that one of his letters, giving information to the enemy, was intercepted. It is a bad-looking case.

Col. Gillem has caused a large number of whisky barrels to evacuate their contents into Cumberland River within the last few days. At the latest dates from Clarksville, the people of that town were all lying flat on their bellies on the river bank, with straws in their mouths, anxiously awaiting the descending maelstrom.

We learn that a rebel mail was captured the other day near the city, which tells some bad stories on certain gentlemen who have been strutting about on parole. Better make them take the oath again, with a little jail-powders and hemp-seed. What honorable, truthful fellows these chivalry are, and how sacredly they keep their pledges!

J. IN ASHL's line of stages (2) will leave this evening or to-morrow morning for Franklin, Kentucky.

This line will be a little irregular for a few trips, on account of the capture of three teams at Tyre Springs on Sunday night by a band of guerrillas. The road is safe now, being occupied by Federal troops. Office at the Sewannee House.

The street overseer will oblige the citizens living on Union Street between Sumner and High streets, by having the street fixed immediately. That portion of the street is washed up, and it is almost impossible to get along with a buggy or carriage.

We will also oblige the citizens living on High Street, between Cumberland Alley and Broad Street, by having the gutters cleared out immediately.

We had a tremendous rain and wind yesterday, almost a hurricane. The rain drops were enormous, and fell like hailstones. The flag on the Capitol struggled gallantly with the raging wind, which for a while seemed about to sweep it from its lofty perch. Its folds were drenched with the descending torrent, but it only washed the dust from its folds and made its colors cleaner and brighter. The gale madly shook its fluttering folds, but they only flapped defiance to its fury. Thus, amid the thunder, the rain and wild wrath of the tempest, it continued to wail; and as the storm rolled away, we saw its beautiful presence, like that of the rainbow, standing out brightly and gloriously from the lowering thunder-cloud which was retreating on the far horizon, miscalculated by the shock of the elements with which it had just battled.

So may that banner ever wave when it meets the dark thunder-cloud of treason and the wild storm of rebellion!

Some of our officers seem to act as though they regarded it as an honor to be noticed by a wealthy and aristocratic rebel. Shame on such miserable lick-spittles.

FORREST is as great a bubble as the Confederacy for which he steals. He shows the white-feather and a fleet pair of heels whenever he smells a fight.

If you wish to test a noisy secessionist's faith in the success of the confederate government, offer him a confederate note of \$100 for a U. S. Treasury note of the same denomination.

Can any of our sporting friends inform us who made the quickest time among Woodward's foot-races over the Clarksville track?

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The thermometer nearly grazed the nine-tenths yesterday. It was the most oppressive day of the season.—*Boston Post*.

The thermometer has kept up such a tremendous heat out in this section that the growing business has nearly dried up.

DRAFTING SLAVERS.—The rebel General MURKIN has issued an order calling for one-fifth of all the slaves of Georgia for the service of the rebellion. The citizens remonstrate and threaten to keep their slaves, if need be, by force.

He who fights against the nationality of America and the unity of the Republic, will surely fail, for he fights against destiny.

"Know thou who art with heavenly power con-
fined,
Shalt in his due, and soon his glory end."

There is not a rebel merchant in Nashville who will take confederate money for his goods, and there is not one who will refuse to take green backs. This one fact speaks volumes as to the secret convictions of our disloyal citizens.

Our rebels appear exceedingly serious at present. They know that General Thomas is a man of business, and is determined to hold the city at all hazards, and they know too that even if he could be driven from the city, second hand brick and mortar and ashes would not be marketable commodities at this time.

How do young men who wish to apply themselves with honorable industry, to make themselves fame and fortune, like this monster of Southern Right, which riots in tears, blood, ruins, and universal desolation? Had they not better take their muskets and kill it before it kills them?

Soldiers are sometimes put in the Workhouse for drunkenness. Would it not be better to place those who sell or give whisky to them, in the Workhouse, and keep them breaking rock until the rebels retake Nashville? Try it, Prove it, for we think it will act like a charm: don't assess any fines in such cases, but make the offenders work. We have endured this nuisance long enough.

Tom WOODWARD, it is said, had another speech written out and memorized ready to deliver to the boat which brought up the Federal troops last Sunday to Clarksville, but the first shell which exploded in his camp frightened the miserable devil out of his wits, and he too precipitately fled.

One side was over boastful pastures

land of prairie, and such fields of corn and quantities of beef cattle, I never saw before. The wheat is all scattered, and is a very abundant crop, with the greatest quantity left over prices must rule very low, unless England should want it. We saw one lot of sheds filled with corn on the cob, four miles long, belonging to the Illinois Central Railroad, which they took in payment of freight, due to them last year, and to-day their profit on it is over fifty thousand dollars. Yesterday we passed fields of grass and grain extending beyond the reach of the eye, without a tree or a fence to interrupt.

A rebel boasted the other day that the "confederate troops had the very devil in them." Quite likely; the testament informs us that the devil entered a drove of hogs two thousand years ago; and he may have done it again. The hogs in that instance were drowned; but as "they cannot be drowned who were born to be hanged," the rebel army need not fear death by water.

Is it true that speculators in this city are allowed to retain rifles, shot-guns, and other fire-arms in their possession at a time like the present? Who can doubt, after what has happened repeatedly at other rebel towns, that in the event of an attack on Nashville, our soldiers would be exposed to a deadly fire from private dwellings? None but loyal persons should be suffered to keep weapons. We call on the military authorities to attend to this before valuable lives are sacrificed.

Never did we more fully realize the phrase, "the muscle of the rain," than we did on yesterday when the rain drops echoed like silver bells as they struck the dry grass, the dusty leaves, the roofs, and the burning streets, while the thunder roared its deep-toned bass through the heavy clouds. Fresh, fragrant and delightful was the rain, refreshing man and beast, reviving trees and herbage. It was a welcome and a glorious shower, and hailed with rapture by the desponding farmer.

Flag Presentation.

MISS EMMA C. LOOROSHOW, one of the glorious and fearless Union ladies of Nashville, presented a beautiful National Flag to Captain MORROW, at Edgefield, on last Saturday. We are sure that Captain MORROW and his men will forever defend the banner presented to them by a beautiful, accomplished, and lovely woman, in every hour of trial, as a treasure which cannot be lost without the foulest disconnection.

The following is the address delivered by Miss LOOROSHOW, at the presentation, in the presence of a large assembly:

COL. MOORE: I present, through you, to

Captains MORTON and ROECKER, from the loyal ladies of Edgefield, this banner, this proud emblem of our glorious and honored country, this sacred shrine of every patriot's hopes and prayers. Have you ever seen it trampled in the dust and torn by the polluting touch of rebel hands? If you have not, you can never know how well you love it. I have seen this; and women though I am, I almost shamed the great arm that hung nerveless and the woman's soul that dared not resent this insult to the holy memories that sanctify my country's flag; and in the language of the Roman patriot, I inwardly exclaimed, "What, do I witness this, and still live?" To your patriotism, to your stronger arms and stout hearts, I beseech this hallowed banner. You will place it over the fortifications that guard our newly erected bridge, and when you first witness the unfolding of its grace and folds, resolve in your hearts—say—

"Sing, ye voices!" that you will die sooner than surrender it to traitor hands. And never again let the midnight incendiary fill our hearts with terror, and awaken our eyes with the red glare of the flames that tell us it has again fallen into the hands of the lawless.

I present you this flag from the residence of one of the most fearless and patriotic ladies in our midst. It was here, upon the first approach of our brave deliverers, the noble soldiers of the Union, that the stars and stripes were first raised, and here, accompanied by the prayers of the faithful, I trust it to your keeping.

REFUSE THE ISSUES OF ALL BANKS MENTIONED BELOW.

The following Tennessee Banks are broken, or have been wound up, and their Notes, if any are out, are utterly worthless:

THE STATE BANK OF TENNESSEE.

CENTRAL BANK OF TENNESSEE, at Nashville.

Mechanics Bank, at Memphis.

Commercial Bank, at Memphis.

Bank of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa.

Bank of Mississippi, at Vicksburg.

Bank of Dandridge, at Dandridge.

Bank of Middle Tennessee, at Murfreesboro.

Georgia and South Carolina, at Atlanta.

North Carolina and Virginia, at Roanoke.

Alabama, at Birmingham.

Gold, at New Orleans.

Silver, at New Orleans.

Doubtful—WILD CAT.

North Western Bank of Georgia.

Bank of the Empire State, Ga.

Bank of Albany, Ga.

Bank of Whitefield.

Timber Cutters' Bank.

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